*Ma.Pa.* Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

*Fal.* Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

*Fal.* I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

*Shal.* The Councell ſhall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eu. Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

*Slen.* Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

*Bar.* You Banbery Cheeſe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Piſt.* How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I ſay; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

*Eua.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (ſidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (ſidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

*Ma.Pa.* We three to heare it, and end it between them.

*Euan.* Ferry goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

*Fal. Piſtoll.*

*Piſt.* He heares with eares.

*Euan.* The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

*Fal. Piſtoll*, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

*Slen.*



*Slen.* I, by theſe gloues did he, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

*Euan.* No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

*Piſt.* Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

*Slen* By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

*Fal.* What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

*Bar.* Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

*Eu.* It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

*Slen.* I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile bee drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

*Euan.* So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

*Fal.* You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

*Ma.Page.* Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

*Slen.* Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*!

*Maſter Page.* How now Miſtris *Ford*?

*Fal. Miſtris Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

*Maſter*